15c per copy
$1.00 " year

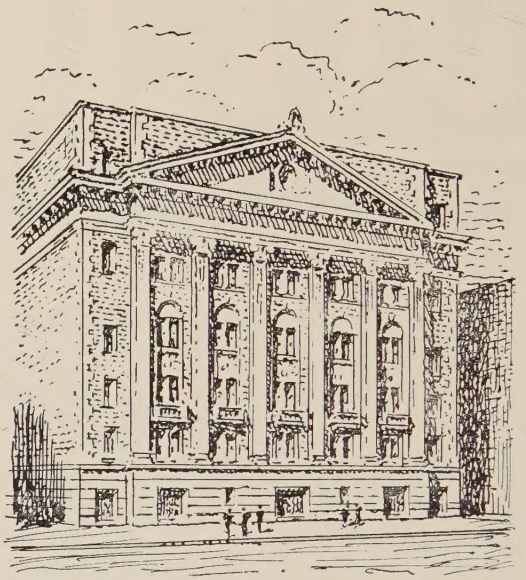
MAY, 1948

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

"A magic something fills the air
It's springtime in the orchard."

Kingsland Smith



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXV **May, 1948** *Number 2*

Springtime in the Orchard

KINGSLAND SMITH

A magic something fills the air,
It's here, it's there, it's everywhere;
The world's awry, but I don't care.
It's springtime in the orchard.

Across the sky a spearhead swings,
A symphony of beating wings;
Faintly a call from the leader rings
When springtime greets the orchard.

The wakened brook is all aroil;
We catch a breath of fresh-tilled soil,
Inspiring us to joyous toil,
When springtime meets the orchard.

The smoke ascends from burning brush;
And soon we'll hear the singing thrush
From morning glow to evening flush,
When springtime thrills the orchard.

A warming sun and mellow breeze
Caressing buds in all the trees—
Where else are treasures kin to these
When springtime fills the orchard?

A newborn feel to everything
As robins call, "Let freedom ring!"
And so I sing a song of spring,
Of springtime in the orchard.

The Peoples Church of Chicago

941 Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Rd.

* * *

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Chicago's well-known Pastor

Commentator, Author, Traveler and Humanitarian

SPEAKS EVERY SUNDAY

Also Monday through Friday—WGN 6 p.m.

* * *

Sunday Morning Service—11 o'clock

Broadcast WJJD

Church School—9:30 a.m.

* * *

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Our Only Creed

This Church is different. If you have given up church-going, why not attend one service some Sunday? Come once and you will come often. It is a church of the people and is in its 36th year. People of every creed, faith and race are invited. We publish a magazine, "The Liberalist," and a newspaper, "The Dial," every month. Write or 'phone Longbeach 6878 for information.

(See Church Activities, page 22)

"DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER—PROPHET IN THE WILDERNESS"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

"ONE of the wisest, and some of us believe *the wisest* American who has ever lived thus far, was Ralph Waldo Emerson. So completely has Emerson's thinking, personality and character dominated my life that when our Church built this building and we had a home of our own there were only two personalities in humanity whom I wanted here in the form of a memorial. I did not want any of the commonly accepted saints of traditional religion, as beautiful, as spotless, as noble lives as they lived. I wanted replicas of the personalities of men who made no claim to sainthood, but who lived with us in the highways and the byways of our every day experiences and who shared with us, as human beings, the sorrows and the tragedies, the anxieties, the sins, the heartaches of life, and yet transcended them in spiritual culture and achievement. And so we have these two representatives immortalized by the sculptor on our pulpit. Upon one side Abraham Lincoln, upon the other side Ralph Waldo Emerson. The benign life and thought of Ralph Waldo Emerson has had a tremendous and powerful influence upon all who have thought since he lived. In one of his imperishable essays he made this statement: "There is properly no history, only biography." *"THERE IS PROPERLY NO HISTORY, ONLY BIOGRAPHY."* I think Emerson was right and I think every thoughtful person will agree that Emerson was right. There is no history, only the lives of men and women who lived in the world.

In our contemporary moment, so burdened as it is with confusion and a lack of direction, I think that there is probably no phrase that characterizes our present situation better than the phrase "Lack of direction"—people are not certain where we are going. No one seems to be certain. The best minds that are thinking upon the problems do not know. The man on the street, who rarely thinks at all but who reacts emotionally, from his emotional reactions does not know. The youth in High school and college, is surfeited with the possibility that his only part in the future will be either to kill or to be killed, and so his sense of direction is disturbed, upset. *WE DON'T KNOW WHERE WE ARE GOING; WE LACK A SENSE OF DIRECTION!*

So when a great mind and a great personality comes striding down the highway of the years with a sense of direction who does know where he is going, who does not reflect any of the wobbly methods of shoddy and superficial thinking, who is not disturbed by quavering and quaking compromises that involve moral procedure, whose intellectuality is so keen, whose vision is so crystal clear, whose heart is so blended into the Heart of the Divine that he stands among us a towering giant, sure of his direction, certain of his destiny, and nothing that this world has to offer him is sufficiently winsome or attractive for him to deviate one iota to the right, or to the left of life, we had better listen to that mind. We had better give him some consideration. We had better try

to find out his method, understand his technique.

Why is it that in this hour of incompetency of leadership in almost every area of life, with an almost total superficialty of international diplomacy—why is it, with the economic imperatives so vital in the relations of the life of nations and society, that we are all being conditioned by the possibility of starvation or economic distortion, or industrial revolution? Why is it in such an hour, months and years after the last missile has fallen from the sky to destroy the earth, the last shot has been fired—months and years after men have stacked their arms, we have not one single sentence of a Peace Treaty for the world! In an hour like that, when men feel the haunting, gnawing, cancerous growth of an unknown future for themselves and the world, then there comes a voice and a personality like Doctor Albert Schweitzer. Perhaps you have heard of him, but a year ago most people in America had not. He was known in the world of music; he was known among the theologians, the philosophers, the scientists and the medical world, but most people did not know him. Now two books about him have been published in the last few months, and one of them has become a best seller in America. Now an anthology of his writings is being seized so rapidly on the part of the people all over America that it is hard to buy—new editions after editions will come from the publishers. We have listened to the involved raucous voices of diplomats with their finely blended protestations of their hatred of war while in every action they make war more certain for the world. We are tired of them; we are weary of their empty phrases; we are saddened and disillusioned by their sophistries. At a moment when the economic and industrial potentiality of the nation is even greater than ever in its history, when we have not had a factory roof destroyed in America, nor a wheel broken in an American factory, nor an acre of the American earth polluted by the chemistry of war, at an age when our whole physical, materalistic potentiality is higher than it has ever been in the history of the nation, again the haunting specter of a worthless dollar, a devalued unit of money, gnaws away as a possibility and we think of the little bit put by for that "rainy day" and we think of the billions in government bonds of the people, and was ask ourselves "What will our money buy—what will our money buy if our dollars become pennies?" and we are insecure, worried and frightened. Then we pause and along comes someone walking so straight, so tall, so sure, so beautiful, seeing where we cannot see, living as we refuse to live, touched by the sublimity of the divine, having in his heart a love of every soul and every heart, and suddenly we all turn around and we say: *"THERE HE IS; THAT'S THE MAN; THAT'S THE WAY; THAT'S THE SPIRIT; THAT'S THE ANSWER!"*

We have had a few of them in human history, not many, not many. We have had a few of them. Standing, of course, above them all in undimished, increasing splendor stands the One that was the inspiration of them all, from whom they received every divine impulse: *CHRIST!* When it seemed that humanity could not possibly encompass the full scope of His power and His way, then the spirit of Christ found lodgment in the hearts of plain men, men who claimed no deity, no special favor from God, just a man, a man like the subject of our sermon or biography this morning.

Albert Schweitzer was born the son of a clergyman in a humble little home

there in lovely Alsace, in Europe, with all of the opportunities of his class, having the advantages of early culture in the moral refinement of a beautiful home that always reflected spiritual reality, but from the very beginning evidencing a quintessence and distillation of the spiritual in his life. So much so that when other boys went out on shooting expeditions he stayed home. When they took their bows and arrows and slings and killed the helpless things in the forest, the little birds and little animals that were absolutely harmless, he could not stand it; he could not see life treated like that, so he became the butt of their criticism and their laughter, and that hurts a lad to be laughed at; it hurt him more than anything else to have someone laugh at him. There have been a lot of wrecks scattered along the highways of the years, wrecks who had their origin in the things they did because they could not stand to be laughed at. Albert Schweitzer could never let it touch his soul. Then he went through his early schooling and studied for the ministry and became a curé, then a lecturer, wrote, and became increasingly interested in theology and philosophy and went to the great universities of Europe, and took there that fine, sensitive mind of his and stood against the crudities and brutalities of the orthodox religion. He could not stand the brutality and cruelty. He wrote a monumental book, an authority, "The Quest of the Historical Christ," one of the great contributions to the subject of the historicity of Jesus—an authority. Read it; it will give you all some new ideas of our intellectual character and release you from the bondage that so many people are in when they think of religion.

Albert Schweitzer went on, but the dominating underlying thing in his life was his love for music. Perfectly natural and normal that one spiritually alert should love music; it is the universal language of God, and I have never known a person fundamentally grounded in the area of harmony and beauty of music that was bad through and through. Bad people don't like music; they cannot stand the indictment of harmony against the discord of their own inner selves, so when they are attracted to music it is something that tears and racks in the tragedy of jazz and in the tragedy of weird minors and discord and sounds, and noise and confusion; the kind you hear so often played for people who don't have ears to hear, but the constant pounding away of cheap and artificial music acts as an opiate to their own inner conflict. They must have noise and clatter, and crash; something in this modern world that is tearing away at the human spirit and human mind and it is nothing but a drug, an opiate, that's all. You can explain much of the twisted character of many a human soul today, and the cause of their rushing to a juke box; it is an opiate; they cannot stand their own soul and they want to forget something. It is perfectly natural and beautiful that a spiritual genius like Doctor Schweitzer should go to Bach. Doctor Schweitzer found in Bach the thoughtful serenity, the unbelievable beauty and sincerity of his life. Then, at the age of thirty something happened to him. He had seen and read of the degradation, filth, pestilence, famine, syphilis and other diseases of the black people of the Congo in French Equatorial Africa. This man was recognized in every college and university classroom, welcomed in every social strata of European society, giving concerts in every great musical hall and opera house of Europe. . . . Mrs. Bradley and I heard him at St. Margaret's in London one Sunday afternoon and it was a great experi-

ence. He was seated there at that organ, this dark complexioned, swarthy, heavily moustached, rugged physical personality, like some giant. He is a large man, a rugged man, there is not a thing of the diletante about him, not a thing, he is as rugged as a mountain, and there he sat, and for two hours not a note but Bach. People wept, our hearts thrilled with the beautiful experience of listening to one of the greatest interpreters of Bach in all the world.

I want Chicago to hear him. This spring he is coming to America and he is going to be in Chicago. I am now making arrangements through Doctor Joy for Doctor Schweitzer to be present at the Annual Spring Dinner of the Conference of Club Presidents in our city, and he is going to be awarded the annual award by Mrs. Charles S. Clark on that great occasion this spring when arrangements are completed. I want Chicago to see this man. I want to hear him and I believe he will, perhaps, give a great Bach recital here in Chicago this spring.

What is the secret of all that? What's happened? He gave it all up, every bit of it. His dearest friends in Europe laughed at him and scoffed at him. The musical world realized the impoverishment that would come, but Doctor Schweitzer said, "No, I shall study medicine and surgery." This great heart and great mind, this artist, scholar, poet, musician, spiritual genius, took a zinc-lined piano with organ pedals out to the Congo not far from where it runs into the sea, and there in the jungle he set up a little hospital, and those great hands of his that could be the medium through which the very soul of Bach flowed, were now washing, cutting, sewing black men and women and all the jungle of the Congo love him. He has brought healing and the beauty of happiness to a people who have a right to live. The jungle, in his area, is being cleaned and drained and out there the antelope, the wild gazelle, nuzzle against his arm when he goes through a jungle trail. The people pause to touch him—healing the black bodies and the souls of men.

Ask him "Why?" Doctor Schweitzer, the great artist, the great composer, out there in the heat, out there in the awful environment, where every wild thing almost is poisonous, where people drop with the sleeping sickness; all around him every snake, every lizard, the flies, are dipped in poison. He will tell you "I could not live any longer in a world that violates every principle of love and goodness and beauty, even when it calls itself 'Christian' and I am doing what I am doing as a great expression of contrition for the cruelty of my race, for what my people have done to the poor and the needy and the blind and the suffering and agonizing of the world. . . . I am doing it because (and this is his great phrase and he puts it in every book) I am doing it because *I REVERENCE LIFE!"*

You ask some people today about Doctor Schweitzer and they will call him a fool, just as they will call any man a fool who has the courage to break with our economic materialism, our standards of success, the idols of power, worshipping at the golden calf of gold, our sense of security, ease and comfort, filling our bodies with food, addling our brains with drink, while we lack the courage to take another way. Yes, they called Albert Schweitzer a fool, and by the standard of our modern western world well might we call him a fool based on our concepts of bigness as a substitution for greatness, by all the artificiality of our modern world. And now America is saying, "What about him? I must read about him." I know that my words spoken here today to many a listener have fallen upon barren soil. I know that

you do not believe it, that you cannot see it; I know that the materialistic barrier holds many a mind from a perception of the vitality of truth in their ease and physical well being. I know what these are saying, I understand that, so did Christ, so did Albert Schweitzer, but he had the courage to break; you and I have not; he had the courage to do something about it; we have not. We are in bondage, we are still slaves, we are afraid somebody will call us fools; we are afraid that somebody will say "fanatic!" Doctor Albert Schweitzer may be a fool all right, but he is God's fool.

UNITARIAN BOY'S SCHOOL

From the Monthly Bulletin of the First Church of Salem:

"Our intellect should always be given seniority. There is real hope that the time is coming closer when our own thinking and that of our wise contemporaries may be recognized as of greater validity than the conclusions of past generations. Only by this means can man begin to chart his future as a race, or hope to ensure its survival."

—General Brock Chisholm

PROCTOR ACADEMY CELEBRATES ITS CENTENARY

Faith in education is at the very heart of Unitarian religion. Horace Mann, the founder of the present American public school system, was a Unitarian; and Unitarians have, since the beginning, been interested in private, independent school education as well. Proctor Academy is one of the outstanding boys' schools of this latter type in New England. It is situated at Andover, New Hampshire, in the foothills of the White Mountains.

This particular Unitarian private school is of interest to this parish for many reasons. Some of our parishioners are loyal supporters of the school financially. Some of our own parish boys have attended the school in past years. Our present minister is President of the Board of Trustees of the Academy. And the Chaplain of the Academy is Rev. Joseph Giunta, formerly assistant to the minister of this church.

In 1848 Samuel Butterfield, an able lawyer and tavern keeper of Andover, led the people of the town in the establishment of the Academy. In 1879 the Academy was incorporated under the auspices of the Unitarian denomination and took its present name from the Proctor family of Andover. In 1932, under the headmastership of the late Carl B. Wetherell, Proctor became solely a boys' school. In 1936 the present headmaster, J. Halsey Gulick, came to the leadership of the Academy. Mr. Gulick immediately instituted the Proctor Plan in education and the Academy has enjoyed marked success during the twelve years of his guidance.

This year Proctor celebrates its one hundredth anniversary. Special events, of course, are being planned for this birthday anniversary. A building program has been started and contributions to a Centennial Fund are coming in. With the help of interested Unitarians, Proctor can look forward to 100 more years of even greater service in the field of education.

"The justification for education lies in the fact that we are attempting to liberate the human spirit and to direct it in ways that will lead to its own self-development and growth."

—President Coffman

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
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EDITORIAL

WE ALL know what a relief it is to have someone to whom we can tell our troubles. The surprising thing is, how alike our troubles seem to be, until one would think it should be easy for people to get along with each other and to create peace in the world, for on the basis of our troubles being so much alike, we ought to be able to understand each other pretty well. But the general impression seems to be that life is a very complicated thing, until sometimes people just get so tied up mentally over their troubles that it takes a psychiatrist to straighten them out. There's nothing new about psychiatry, but you will probably be surprised when I tell you who the first psychiatrist was. He was the Poet Peasant of Galilee, and all religions, and any system of ethics, and all ethical conduct, after all is founded on the standards taught by the Master of Galilee. If I had nothing else but the beautiful technique by which the Master was able to deal with human souls on which to establish his divinity, that would be all I would need! All I need is to see this gentle, understanding heart face to face with a broken, disillusioned, frustrated, human soul, and see him when he touches that life in trouble. He knew the last word in modern psychiatry. He anticipated it all. The balance of life, everything that has to do with the integration or orientation or implementation of the human personality—it was all anticipated twenty centuries ago. That's why I have always contended that after all, life is simple—not complicated, but simple. And when our youngsters think they have something new when they get into the field of psychology and psychiatry and the study of the human personality, that is because they have never known something old.

Now that was the first principle of psychiatry. When you take hold of a life you have to clean up the whole business; you just start where you are, with what you have, and be satisfied with nothing less than a good thorough job. And the effect is always a miracle, or at least what people call miracles who do not understand the real meaning of the miraculous. But do you know why most people don't begin to

straighten up with life? I think one of the reasons is they are tyrannized by their own past. Sometimes they are held in subjection by their own reputation. They think about their past and feel there is nothing they can do about their past, so they think there is nothing they can do about their future. That is a lie! Not one person but could start right here and now, and if not satisfied with things as they are, could turn their back on the past and past failures and could change the whole tomorrow of their life—and no matter what that past has been. The mere fact that people permit their past to keep them from the glory of tomorrow is the real tragedy. Don't let anybody bring up your past to you as being fatal or final about the future. And between you and me—and I don't care who this hits, if the shoe fits wear it—I don't know of anyone in the wide world who arouses within me a deeper antagonism than the type of person who will try to blight another by constantly revealing the other's past. I think there is a very deep pit reserved somewhere for that kind of person. You remember Voltaire said "If there isn't any hell, I think one ought to be created for some people to get their just deserts." And I say that if there is one, the person who ought to go there is the one who bankrupts another's reputation when the other one isn't there to defend himself; and another person who ought to go there is the one who won't let a person forget their own past when they are trying to do some good in the world.

Don't let the past worry you. You just start where you stand. Don't be tyrannized by the past. This is a new day; a new hour; a new moment. Perhaps this is the moment for you. And it's that simple! Tomorrow morning, or even at this very moment, just say to yourself, "I'm starting right now as though life is just beginning for me. Now what is the first thing I want to do in this new life?" And while our troubles are very much alike, the delightful thing about this life is that we don't all have to solve them alike. You are you, and I am I. You bring your past experience to the solution of yours; you start to solve them from the place at which you have arrived; but you start out fresh. That very thought will give new impetus to your actions and your thinking. P.B.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

"THE BOOK ABOVE ALL BOOKS—THE BIBLE"

A Book Review given by Dr. Preston Bradley, Wednesday evening of Holy Week in The Peoples Church.

I AM quite sure that it is a common experience of all of us to have had at some time in our lives a very deep reverence for the Bible, whether we are of Roman Catholic tradition, Protestant tradition, or Jewish tradition. There are very few people who ever lose that, no matter what their theological evolution might be, no matter what exposure they might have to the best of scholarship in regard to the origin and creation of the Bible, they still have a fundamental reverence for the Book. People treat it with reverence and with great respect.

I know in my own experience as a child we had in our house in the country a parlor; it was usually a forbidden place and the only time it was ever opened was on a very special occasion. It commanded almost an attitude of awe on the part of the children about the house. But one of the earliest recollections of my life was a table that had a marble top and on that marble top was a great, big Bible, the kind that they used to have on pulpits, and that was our family Bible. I have that Bible today and it is a very sacred book. Written in there are all the births and deaths of our family, and it has about it the atmosphere of something sacred. All the days of my childhood and in the early days of manhood until I left that home, I had an attitude of reverence for that Bible. I have it still. But never until I had left high school did anyone ever tell me anything about its origin. Though I went to Sunday School many, many days in the early years of my life, I never had a teacher in Sunday School tell me about the origin of the Bible. I, like everyone else in Sunday School, thought of the Bible as something very holy and very complete, and that a God somewhere had inspired a man to write it, and I thought of it as one book. I thought it came almost spontaneously out of some creative mind and heart. I had a sense of awe and a sense of mystery concerning it. I didn't learn until I was out of high school and in my first year of college and took a course in the Bible from a dear old professor in that institution, who gave us a whole winter of study on the Bible, as to how that Bible came into being. And then for the first time in my life, I thought of it not as a book, which it isn't, and none of us ought to think of it as a book, but I thought of it as a library. That is exactly what it is. It is a library of sixty-six books, written by more than two hundred authors, and some of it written by authors whom no scholar yet has identified. Books, for instance, like the Book of Job. No one knows who wrote the Book of Job. The first five books of the Old Testament—Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy —no one knows who wrote them. It is a library of sixty-six books, written on two continents, in three different languages, and extending over a period of 1,000 years. Chronologically there are 1,000 years from the first book of Genesis until the last book of the Bible, the Book of the Revelation. I always judge how much of a Bible scholar a person is when he talks about the last book of the Bible, and if he refers to it as the book of "Revelations," then I doubt very much the soundness

of his statements. It is the book of the Revelation—singular, not plural.

The Old Testament is largely a collection of books which deal with a history of a nation and a people, portraying as it does, the evolving idea of God. There is as much difference in God as outlined in the creation of the Book of Genesis and the God of the Psalms, of David and Isaiah, and the books of the New Testament as there is between daylight and night-time, for in the evolving history of those ancient people, as experiences deepened around them in their lives, their concept of the reality of God enlarged and it became far superior to the anthropomorphic concept of God, which was a concept patterned after the limitations of our own limitations of humanity. There is just as much difference between the Old Testament concept of God and the final concept of God which the Master Teacher of Galilee understood as there is between night and day. The Old Testament is written, of course, against an Aramaic background, and we are all familiar with its history, its literary quality, and beauty.

But just here I want to tie up the New Testament with this same approach. Ladies and Gentlemen, it is lamentable, most lamentable, that people have had such an erroneous and such a false conception of the New Testament as most people have. I know that there are people in this congregation tonight who probably would seriously dispute with me a statement which I am now going to make. My only answer to that is, will you kindly, instead of basing your opinions on traditional points of view and commonly accepted ideas, will you instead familiarize yourself with the unimpeachable and great scholarship that has been working for centuries upon the New Testament, and be magnanimous enough in your attitude, though it may run contrary to some of your accepted ideas, but at any rate, expose your mind to some of the verifiable facts of the scholars. It is a revelation to some people that Jesus never spoke Hebrew or Jewish, and the people he worked with never spoke that language. Jesus spoke Aramaic, and while it has Semitic association, it is a distinct language of its own. In Lebanon and parts of Syria, people are still speaking the speech that Jesus spoke, and they are still reading in a very unpolluted manner the same identical language in which practically all the New Testament was written. If you will notice in most of the translations of the New Testament, you will note how indebted we are to the King James Version which was published in 1601, based on, of course, the James Whitecliff Version published in 1507. Remember that all of these versions, and this is where we get in trouble, are translations from the "original manuscripts in the Greek." There was never a manuscript in the Greek language. The old Greek New Testament is a translation from the Aramaic, not from the original translation of the Greek. The humblest people, the workmen, the fishermen, the rank and file, who fished, worked, and lived there all spoke in Aramaic. Not a person who knew Christ was capable of writing a sentence of Greek. In those early years it was the custom of the people to write stories and preserve them. That was the beginning of the manuscripts. The word "bible" itself is a Greek work which means scroll, and these early documents written in Aramaic were the stories that contained the messages of the period and were later called and accepted as the Bible. There is probably somewhere in existence the Aramaic manuscripts. One of my most prized possessions is a Bible written in Aramaic.

That is the original language of the New Testament and of the disciples of Christ—Aramaic. There is a historical church that uses the Aramaic and only the Aramaic Bible. There is one in Chicago today; Dr. Paul Newry is the minister. He may be here tonight. That is a matter that interests him and his people very greatly, because he has upon his side all of the best historical knowledge that scholarship evidences.

As the years went on, we came to that year of 325 A.D. The Aramaic manuscripts had been translated into the Greek. The Greek were not the originals. I must make that point clear. Thus it was that the church existed before the Bible. It is always a shock to Christians, and particularly of the Protestant tradition, that there was a New Testament Church before there was a New Testament. All the letters written by Paul, who was a Jew and a great apostle to the Gentiles and a very great scholar, show that he was familiar with the philosophy of Socrates and Plato, who both lived 500 years before Jesus. They are 500 years older than Jesus, and Paul had an injection of Greek philosophy and Greek theology which is indicated repeatedly. He never saw Jesus except in vision. He never met him. And when Paul came on to the scene there were churches in existence, and how do we know that? Because in the books written by Paul there are letters to already existing churches. The church came before the Bible. The tradition of that was such that in our great historical community which has commanded the loyalty of so many people down through history, the great Roman Catholic Church, they have retained the authority of the Church, rather than the authority of the New Testament. That is precisely what happened during the Renaissance, which resulted in the Reformation, and that Reformation was the renaissance of human ideas toward the church. That is where Martin Luther came in, and when that took place, the only thing that happened was to change the authority of the church for the authority of a book. That is precisely what happened in the Reformation. And down through the centuries the Church has been the decisive voice in doctrine. There is historical foundation for that position of the Roman Catholic Church. That is historically sound, and that is the reason why the Roman Catholic Church has never been disturbed from the foundations upon which it bases its historicity. It has retained the authority of the church.

Then in the fourth century we had what was called the Vulgate Version. In 325 A.D. the bishops of the church gathered together and examined all those manuscripts. They were all Greek translated from the Aramaic. Not the manuscripts of Christ, not the actual words of Christ, but the Greek translation, and these bishops selected what manuscripts should go into the New Testament. They decided to put the New Testament with the Old Testament, bind it together, and call it the Holy Bible. This was the Vulgate translation. I have a copy of it. It is a Latin version and is a translation from the Greek which was translated from the Aramaic. That was done by Saint Jerome. This was the first time the Bible appeared in the Latin language. That Bible has lasted for hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of years, and today is the Bible accepted by the Roman Catholic world—the Vulgate Catholic translation from the Greek.

In 1941, the Church of Rome made a new translation of the Vulgate Version. How many people there are of the Roman Church who are aware of that, I don't know.

But that Bible was never designed to be the property of the people. It

was chained to the pulpit of the churches, and only the priests were privileged to read it and interpret it to the people. The people had no New Testament. Then along came James Whitecliff, and he took the Vulgate Version and every other available material and put it in the language of the people. And when he did that, he took it away from the ecclesiasticals and gave it to the people, and it became the flame that lighted the fires of human history and inspired the hearts and souls of men to die, rather than lose it. It is all changed now. Everyone can read the Bible, but it is always slightly amusing to me when I meet the person who says: "It is infallible; it was inspired by God"; and the one in particular who says, "All scripture was given from God." When Paul made that remark, there was no scripture. It didn't exist.

I wish I had the time to say what is in my heart to say in adoration of this Book, for it has been a great book to me—the beauty, the personalities, the literary artistry of it! What would we do without the Twenty-Third Psalm? What would we do without the greatest drama, the drama of Job? It has prologue, dialogue, epilogue—and it deals with one of the most dramatic scenes in all the world—the great Book of Job. And what would we do without the wisdom of the Proverbs? Without the prophecies of Isaiah? Without the Sermons on the Mount? What would we do without the multitude of inspiring thoughts which are so necessary to the human soul? And to stifle it all by saying that it was "signed, sealed, and delivered" is to seal its power, its every light, its every principle. Everyone of them were simply trying to examine the quest of the soul toward God. What a pity that it should be so elastic as to contain phrases that I could not read without blushing, phrases of such tragic immorality, when it is also a book that sweeps the soul into the highest of beauty and greatness. No, it is a human record, and to allow it to lose its power and beauty by quibbling over theological doctrine and dogma is to lose the beauty of the book itself. I love the Bible as I love no other book in all the languages of the world. It is the history of man's own soul; it is the history of your soul. And the pity is that its object and its influence is lessened by the domination of inferior minds and hearts filled with superstitions and fears, when it is the most majestic endeavor of the mind ever recorded. Where in all the annals of love will you find love more beautifully portrayed than in the Song of Solomon? Where will you find every quality of human life like you will find it in the Book? Where will you find drama, music, poetry, imagery, as you will find it in the original concepts of Heaven with its pearls and its jasper walls? Imagery—the original minds attempting to portray the most precious concepts they could possibly have of the perfection and beauty of Heaven.

No, the truly spiritual mind loves the Bible for what it is and not for what the theologians and ecclesiastics have made it out to be. Read it! Love it! It will lighten the dark places. It will ease the heavy burden. It will heal the broken heart. How much we lose in Christianity by accepting unchristian talk as to the essentials. We have spurned it with blood. We have spurned it with our hearts. We have made it ineffective. Seven hundred million Christians in the world tonight and the hope not Christ, but the power of AN ATOM BOMB!

Had we kept Christ in his simplicity, in his human superiority, his love, had we kept him as he was instead of making him a theological monstrosity; had we kept Christ a Christ of beauty, of

little children, of love. . . . Ah, this world tonight would not be a disintegrated, broken world, a tired and weary world. It would be a world of light and of love and laughter, a world of beauty, a world where hearts would not break. It would be a world of honor and loveliness. Those were the qualities of Christ. As it isn't that kind of a world does not logic compel us to say: "We have lost the way."

And the lonely Christ weeps.

BOOK CHATS

HAD Abraham Lincoln lived until Feb. 12th of this year he would have been 139 years old. The book I shall discuss first of all is entitled "Lincoln Talks—A Biography in Anecdote," compiled by Emanuel Hertz, who, you will recall, was the editor of "The Hidden Lincoln." The book was published in 1939 by The Viking Press and it is to be regretted that it is now out of print. I understand there is a growing demand for a new edition. This is something entirely new in a biographical approach. It is not a biography on Lincoln, but it is a compilation of the stories about Lincoln and the stories of Lincoln, which he told himself, chronologically arranged throughout his life. The book is divided into two parts, Part I covering the years from 1809-1860, which include Lincoln as a youth, a lawyer, man and story-teller and a politician. Part II, as a President, a party leader, commander in chief and Father Abraham. There is a complete bibliography, containing all of the authoritative sources which Mr. Hertz used in the compilation, and also an index which impressed me as being rather unusual, because if you are looking for a Lincoln story to illustrate a certain point, you go back to the index and there you will find the proper story to fit the thought you are trying to illustrate. For instance, if you are speaking or writing about ingratitude, then look in the index under "ingratitude," and there will be a Lincoln story. If you are writing a humorous paper or want to put a joke into a speech you are making, you look under jokes, and there will be found some of Lincoln's favorites. So far as I know, this has never been done before. That's why the book is most valuable, because it not only contains the Lincoln stories, but stories by Lincoln.

This book, "Lincoln Talks," is Mr. Hertz' most important work, and is the culmination, one might say, of a lifetime of study of Abraham Lincoln. These Lincoln stories have been so brilliantly arranged, that although each one may be lifted from its fellows and set by itself, in context they lose their sharp edges and form one growing and brilliant picture of a man's progress to immortality. Lincoln, so William Herndon tells us, held the craft of biography in high contempt. "Biographies as generally written, are not only misleading, but false," said he, and suggested that biographers would do well to issue such works in blank, so that admirers of some recently deceased worthy, might insert his name at appropriate places in the eulogy. Lincoln may have been

unlucky in his reading, or perhaps the art of biography has improved since his day. I am inclined to think Lincoln was a little hard on a profession honored by the names of Plutarch and Boswell. However, since he held this view, it is fortunate that, unknown to himself, he should have dictated his own biography.

From the days of his boyhood Lincoln spoke in parables; parables which revealed the narrator as clearly as they illustrated the point. Thus the man walks before us in full dimension: As a young storekeeper in New Salem, as a rising lawyer, touring the circuit with his court, in the famous debates with Douglas, as nominee for President, and finally as the tragic and magnificent figure when, in the most terrible days of the country's history, he held it together by his patient wisdom and unfailing sense of humor.

The book has a validity which the more conventional kind of biography, particularly of so heroic a figure, often lacks. There is no chance here for prejudice or private axe-grinding to color the picture, for this is a portrait painted by hundreds of people and any personal motive any one of them might have is cancelled by the testimony of the collaborators. It is therefore not only a book to delight the average reader, but an invaluable reference book for the serious student. As for the story-teller, plague-ridden by the never-ceasing search for new stories, it will be a companion and a comforter for many a year. The humor is American, and has the earthy tang of the frontier. Chauncey Depew, they say, made himself the world-famous wag by quoting Lincoln, but he never knew a tenth of the yarns that appear in this volume. I can think of no more valuable book for those who may not find it possible to read through the Carl Sandburg biography or some of the other biographies of Lincoln, for here is a book they can pick up at any time and there will be an illumination of Lincoln's life in some authentic story about him, of his own, or of others, and occurring in chronological order, as he lived his life. Dr. Russell H. Conwell, some of my older listeners might remember as probably America's most famous lecturer of the period, who gave his great lecture, "Acres of Diamonds," which I heard as a boy many, many times. I knew Dr. Conwell. I called on him once and had a lovely visit with him in his study in Philadelphia. Dr. Conwell has this story in the book "Lincoln Talks": "In 1864, when one of my soldiers was unjustly sentenced, and his gray-haired mother pleaded with me to use what influence I might have with the President, I went to Washington and told the story to the President. He said he had heard something about it from Mr. Stanton, and he said he would investigate the matter, and he did; afterwards deciding that the man should not be put to death. At the close of the interview I said to the President: 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Lincoln, but is it not a most exhausting thing to sit here, hearing all these appeals and having all of this business on your hands.' He laid his head on his hand, and in a somewhat wearied manner said, with a deep sigh: 'Yes, yes, no man ought to be ambitious to be President of the United States. And when this war is over, and that won't be very long, I told my Tad that we will go back to the farm, where I was happier as a boy when I dug potatoes at 25c a day than I am now. I tell him I will buy him a mule and a pony and he shall have a little cart, and he shall make a little garden in a field, all his own.' and the President's face beamed as he arose from his chair in the delight of excitement as he said, 'Yes, I will be far

happier than I have ever been here'."

* * *

When someone calls your attention to a book which you did not know and that book turns out to be just the book for which you have been seeking, you feel a kindliness toward the friend that almost no other experience creates. Not long ago, after a lecture, Mr. George A. Gibbs, of this city, handed me a book and said, "Dr. Bradley, do you know this book?" I looked at it and said "No, I never saw it." He said, "Take it as a gift from me. I purchased it for you today."

I took the book home. The title intrigued me to begin with, for it was called "The Philosophy of Life." And then I opened up one of the greatest mines of literature I have ever seen, for there are 285 subjects treated by 170 of the world's greatest writers and authors. If this makes it sound like a huge book, something like "Gone With the Wind," it is not that at all, for it only has 676 pages, but every page is a gem. How I missed it when it was first brought out in 1931 I don't know, but I have missed something these 17 years. And Halcyon House brought out a new edition last year. The book is inexpensive, but there isn't a person reading these lines whatever their intellectual capacity might be, whether they have been trained academically into a high discrimination of literary values, or whether they go about their task from day to day, interested in reading good books, this book they will find a joy forever.

Anderson M. Baten made this remarkable collection, and it represents a lifetime of reading many thousand books. He has taken the heart and soul of them and here it is in front of you. Will Durant says somewhere, "Science gives us knowledge, but only philosophy can give us wisdom." Out of the mass of the literature of the world what is remembered? Time erodes all but a single sentence, an essay, a poem, an epigram, a bit of philosophy, a gem indestructible, which alone explains the joys, the hopes, the ambitions, the whole life of the sage who created it. Man today hasn't the time to delve into the world's great literature and so evolve the philosophy that is to guide his life, but it remained for Anderson M. Baten in his life of study, reading and thought, to cull from the great books of the world and to make available in this single volume those masterpieces which stand as literary monuments to inspire and teach us how to get the most out of life. In this book there is no pet theory of an individual in the development of some process for victorious living, but here is the best thought of myriads of the greatest thinkers of all time. Everybody has the foundations of his philosophy in his heart, but as each day passes, consciously or unconsciously, he must add to or broaden his outlook on life. He must build the buffers against sorrow, discouragement and disappointment, strengthen the resources of enthusiasm, energy and morality, and guide his destiny in the straight and steady progress to serenity of mind and inner peace and poise, until he develops a reverence for life, and when this is accomplished everything else shall be added unto him. Anderson M. Baten has given us in this book, "The Philosophy of Life," the materials and the tools to build our own individual understanding of things —a thousand hours of delightful exploration into the minds of great men. This is a book to be picked up for a moment or read by the hour, and it is a book that, after you have read it, you will never want to let it out of your possession. It is one of those altogether too rare books that one feels a real personal warmth toward. You want it where you can see it—know that it is

there. That's the kind of book it is. Mr. Baten says in his own Philosophy of Life, which is the first chapter of the book; that he has reached out to the four corners of the world; that he has lived through the hopes, fears, ambitions and passions that swayed the mind of man from the world's master writers. He has covered history, religion, philosophy, mythology, metaphysics, jurisprudence, all the sciences and arts of man over all the periods of the world's history. Through a lifetime of reading it has been a brilliant accomplishment for conversation, a weapon of victory for public speech; in times of loneliness and suffering a great solace. All real knowledge is good, being in one way or another a source of power and happiness. Reading is only a stern-light on the ship in which we are making life's voyage. It flashes its rays far back over those rough waters through which our ship has been plowing, and it throws at least some illumination forward upon the deeps of time toward which we are about to sail.

His reading carried him back through the ancient world: Egypt, Chaldea, Assyria, Babylon, the Republic of Carthage, ancient China, Greece and Rome, then into medieval history, the Dark Ages, the Franks in Gaul, the Angles and Saxons in Britain, the rise of the Germano-Roman Empire. Then on into the modern nations and the modern world, and seeking still more, he read the philosophy of modern times, and out into the whole field of religion. He watched the rise and fall of nations, and of empires, the coming and goings of civilizations. It is all here as seen through the minds of the greatest writers and thinkers the world has ever known.

This one volume is a university education in itself on the philosophy of life. He has studied the doctrines of the philosophies under all their names: determinism, fatalism, finalism, materialism, pantheism, vitalism, pragmatism, naturalism and all the rest. He calls the roll of past civilizations and includes the various thinkers who have expressed opinions as to why they rose and fell. Here is something of great value to us all in this hour. I haven't discussed a book this whole season which I can recommend any more enthusiastically than this book, "The Philosophy of Life." Out of it each reader will develop a philosophy of life which will be strong enough to withstand the tempest of life. I opened the book to these words of Anthony Trollope: "Book love, my friends, is your pass to the greatest, the purest, and the most perfect pleasure that God has prepared for His creatures. It lasts when all other pleasures fade. It will support you when all other recreations are gone. It will last you until your death. It will make your hours pleasant to you as long as you live."

I turned another page in the book and came across Grantland Rice's poem, "Brave Life," with which I bring this book chat to a close:

"Life is a training camp at best for
what may wait beyond the years;
A training camp of toiling days and
nights that lean to dreams and tears;
But each may come upon the goal, and
build his soul above all fate
By holding an unbroken faith and
taking courage for a mate.

Is not the fight itself enough that man
must look to some behest?
Wherein does failure miss success if all
engaged but do their best?
Where does the victor's cry come in for
wreath of fame or laureled brow
If one he vanquished fought as well as
weaker muscle would allow?"

P.B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

SOMEONE has said "The best thing about going away is coming home," and I guess that holds true in the majority of cases. We are always glad to get home, no matter how pleasant the trip has been. On the first lap of our trip, when we arrived in New Orleans a couple of days after Easter, we stepped into summer, a considerable change after the long, cold winter! Going by taxi from the train to the Roosevelt Hotel, we only tarried long enough to see that our baggage was all safely in our room, and made haste to get out of doors. Having breakfasted early on the train, we left the hotel for a walk up Canal Street (the widest street in the United States, they say.) The sunshine was brilliant, the air growing warmer by the minute, trees were green and in full leaf, flowers blooming everywhere, and everybody in summer clothes. We had only walked a few blocks when we noticed cars parked along the curb with signs announcing "Tours of the City," etc. Without deliberation we stepped into one, agreeing that the most comfortable and pleasant way to spend the morning would be to drive about, keeping cooler than on the street, and at the same time seeing more of New Orleans than in any other way. Up and down boulevards and streets we went, streets lined with handsome homes, suddenly emerging into pretty little parks with blooming shrubs and very beautiful trees. Coming to a stop in front of a large residence, our driver informed us it was Hughie Long's former home, and that Mrs. Long maintains it as a memorial to her late husband (she no longer lives in New Orleans) and that we might go in if we cared to. We thought we might as well, as we had nothing but time on our hands.

A very gracious little lady answered our ring at the door, and welcomed us in as though we were friends calling. We went through the entire house, nicely furnished but not elegant. I felt as I always do in visiting a home of this kind, still filled with the familiar things —easy chairs, lamps, radios, a dining room which looked ready to receive guests, bedrooms, framed photographs of family and friends, other pictures and ornaments, all used in life by a noted if not great person. It still seems permeated by the atmosphere of other days. I had that strange feeling of somehow intruding.

Leaving this quiet and lonely house, we drove to a different neighborhood, down in the old French quarter, and stopped at the St. Louis Cathedral, erected originally in 1718, and the present building on the same site in 1794. There were a good many cars and three or four motorcycle cops parked in front, but we thought nothing of it, and upon entering found ourselves attending a fashionable wedding. Taking seats at the back, on the center aisle, we watched the ceremony to the close. The beautiful bride (in white satin and yards of veil) with the groom, marched up the lily-bordered aisle past us, followed by her eight bridesmaids, all beautiful, and four tiny flower girls.

It was a lovely picture really, and we quite enjoyed it!

Leaving the cool, lily-scented cathedral and entering again the hot street —it was then over 90 degrees—we felt wilted, tired and hungry and asked our driver, who had waited for us, to take us to the Vieux Carre Restaurant where we always eat whenever we are in New Orleans. It is directly across Bourbon Street from the Old Absinthe House (built in 1798), where the French of old met to enjoy their absinthe, made famous and almost historical one might say, by the many famous people who have been there. The "Vieux Carre" (known as the old French Quarter) once constituted all there was of the city. Here, among many other interesting buildings, are the Cabildo (prison), the Vieux Carre Little Theatre, the State Historical Museum, the St. Louis Cathedral, whose spires point high above all and can be seen from almost any point in New Orleans. In early Creole days Rue Royal was the main street of the French city. Here are many historical buildings, old homes, priceless wrought-iron railings, countless antique shops where one can find beautiful specimens of old furniture, jewelry, china and glass. In fact, all the strangely narrow streets of the Vieux Carre are extremely interesting.

Chartres St., upon which, through more than two centuries the horses, carriages, automobiles, and slaves of many generations have trodden, is one of the treats New Orleans offers visitors who come in such abundance. There is nothing like it to be found in all America. One walks along these narrow streets and narrower sidewalks (often hard for people to pass in opposite directions) feeling like he is in a foreign country; hearing French and Spanish spoken on all sides naturally adds to the illusion. The buildings, many two hundred and more years old, are mostly three stories, shops of all kinds occupying the ground floors, and apartments above, with French windows and doors opening onto balconies running the full length of the building, with antique, hand-hammered wrought-iron work, beaten by negro slaves into the beautiful lacy designs one sees forming the fronts, railings and trim of the balconies. We were told the apartments for the most part have been modernized in the interior and bring high rentals.

It is difficult indeed to describe the fascination of this old quarter. The courtyards or patios constitute one of the greatest charms, as you walk along, and then, all unawares come to a broad open doorway or perhaps a wide, wrought-iron gate, and just temptingly visible through the arched passage leading into the courtyard, is a beautiful garden, flowers and shrubs in bloom making it colorful, and tall jars holding blossoming plants; also, when the patio is large there is usually a pool or maybe a little fountain in the center. High walls separating the courtyard from the neighbors are covered with climbing vines. It all holds an atmosphere of romance and color—the exotic lure of characteristic Creole beauty of another day and age!

One of the oldest houses in the French Quarter holds our interest because a small sign over the door states that here lived the famous Italian Opera Singer, Adelina Patti, when at the age of seventeen she made her American debut with the French Opera Troupe. So you step into the little gift shop which, besides gifts, sells Pralines, those delicious sugar and nut confections for which the South and New Orleans in particular is noted. From the street one never suspects they may enter one of the largest and most beautiful courtyards in old New Orleans from the back door of the gift shop,

and that in an arched sort of alcove in the courtyard a small kitchen is arranged where we watched a neat young colored woman with twinkling black eyes, engaged in dipping out big spoonfuls of hot sugar syrup filled with nuts and putting it on a large marble-slab table, where the syrup spreads and cools into a Praline. When hardened it is taken up with a spatula and wrapped in wax paper ready to pack in boxes for sale. The recipe for Pralines it is said is handed down in families for generations—a closely guarded secret!

Sometimes walking much farther than we realized we suddenly would become so weary we wanted to seek a seat somewhere away from the shops, the crowded sidewalks and the music which seemed wafted from every quarter, and we would trudge a little farther to Jackson Square, a beautiful little park upon which St. Louis Cathedral faces.

This oasis has a high iron fence around it, with open gates on the four sides. Here were roses and Easter lilies blooming, and large azalea bushes and other shrubs. The trees were specially beautiful, many unfamiliar to us. It was quiet, cooler, and peaceful in the little park, which seemed strange, only a few blocks from so much gaiety and night life. We would sit on a bench watching the few strollers—never many—and the stars come out in the soft blue southern sky, and a lovely crescent moon, and we knew had we been home we would have seen it from the study windows. After resting possibly an hour, we would enjoy the walk—quite a distance—back to our hotel, choosing for a change the narrow, shadowy, almost silent little streets (often not seeing a person for blocks), rather than the brilliant, gay main streets of the Vieux Carre with music and song and entertainment offered at every open door.

We sailed on Saturday—and that will be another story.

I fear I have used even now more space than I should, and we will keep our letters in the Mail Bag till another time. We thought you friends might like to hear about our trip—hope we are right? Be sure to

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

IT IS NOT TOO LATE

Mothers and fathers of sons, what will you be saying
When the crimson sickle slashes the living grain
And the boy with the morning smile for whom you are praying
Lies stark in the terrible rain?

What will you say when his voice is crying, crying,
Through the soundless night, throughout the unechoing day:
"Why did you let us go to our dying, dying,
In the May of our lives, in the May?"

Mothers and Fathers of sons, do you hear that rattle?
It is not too late to rescue ten million sons.
Join in humanity's salvation battle
For a world without greed, without guns.

—*Lucia Trent*

(From "Poems For the Great Days"
by Thomas Curtis Clark and Robert Earle Clark)

(The following letter and enclosure—an essay on Kindness, Its Origin and Technique—was received by Dr. Bradley from Mr. Carl I. Henrikson, now of Alhambra, California, but formerly of Chicago. Mr. Henrikson was one of the founders and now is a past president of The Friends of Literature, a Chicago organization of which Dr. Bradley is a member of the Advisory Board.)

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Remembering other Easters when your messages were helpful—And, they continue to inspire!

So Greetings to you and yours on this Easter Day.

From your friends,
The Henricksons. Easter - 1948.

KINDNESS—ITS ORIGIN AND TECHNIQUE

By Carl I. Henrickson

I remember the Sunday morning away back in the twenties when I tuned in the Peoples Church of Chicago and heard Dr. Preston Bradley's sermon on kindness. It impressed me as being the best sermon I had ever heard for it not only gave me something to think about but it pointed a way to a virtue that I felt equal to achieve.

The upshot of the address was that if we can always remember to be kind, we have the solution of human conduct well in hand. To be kind no rules are necessary, no acting, no subterfuge, no adaptations are required; we can truly be ourselves. In any situation whatever, with friend or foe, rich or poor, intellectually superior or inferior, if, when called into action or relationship, we remember to be kind, the way is paved for smooth going with more than an even chance of pleasant or successful outcome. Kindness implies understanding or a wish or willingness to understand. It is a recognition of brotherhood; it offers patience and helpfulness; it demands no conditions; it exacts no promises; and strangest of all, the most benighted mortal in the world possesses the technique that is needed when he wishes to be kind.

In later years I have given much thought to the subject. Where do we get this capacity to be kind. How and where did it originate. Why are we gentle and thoughtful and tolerant when we are kind. Is it the subtle propaganda of some master mind? Is it traceable to the pronouncement of some saint in his code of conduct for the faithful? Is it an artificial synthetic attitude that we have learned from books? The answer is a firm but kind and gentle "No."

It is a well known fact that man's habits receive their first shaping in the family circle where parental love dominates, where all are socially equal, where helpfulness is expected and where it is natural to find it. In the home we are kin, we are all of a kind in the family. Etymologically, kindness means kinship. Like charity, kindness begins in the home where in essentials there is unity and in non-essentials patience and understanding. To apply the idea to our daily conduct, we have but to extend the scope of the family to include our fellowmen. By so doing we recognize our common origin, and sympathy and gentleness become automatic. When our objectives differ, we have but to remember that each of us is playing his allotted part with the wisdom he possesses; the persuasive force of education is available to all; even reprimands can be delivered in kindness.

So, be kind to people; treat them as you would your mother, your father, your sister, your brother; treat all as though they were your kin. In so recognizing them, the simplest, the most obvious, the most natural attitude is that of kindness. Politeness is a help; it is a step in the right direction. But to those who may be confused as to technique in contacting people, high or low, near or far, go back to first principles, remember the unfailing strategy, the ever ready impulse that throbs in every heart,—be kind. And, as it is much later than we think, do it now.

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Lawrence at Sheridan
36th Season

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD)..... 11:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (From first Sunday in November through Easter Sunday—not broadcast)..... 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION, Anderson Hall. Classes for all age groups. Robert Crosswhite, Supt. Sunday..... 9:30 a.m.

Mothers' and Daughters' Dinner, Friday, April 30th, Anderson Hall—Ave. 2955 for Reservations. Mothers, $1.25; Daughters, 75c.

CHOIR REHEARSAL, Walter Flandorf, Organist and Director, every Friday (Auditions 7:30 p.m.), Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB—Annual Spring Luncheon, Edgewater Beach Hotel, Monday, May 10th. Speaker, Dr. Preston Bradley. Guest artists: Musical Moods Trio, Vera Fitzgerald Hazen, soprano; Jack Hurley, tenor; and Margaret L. Cashman, pianist..... 12:30 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—Annual Club Dinner, Tuesday evening, May 11th.—A Smorgasbord Dinner in Anderson Hall to which the public is invited, followed by an evening with "Puccini—Master of Melody and Melodrama." Guest Artists, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Bassler, Esther Nelson Hart and Alexander Aster. (Mrs. Bassler, narrator; Clyde Bassler, tenor; Esther Nelson Hart, soprano; and Alexander Aster, accompanist.) Donation $2.75. (Smorgasbord by Schott & Son, Caterers)..... 6:30 p.m.

MEN'S CLUB—Meets the fourth Monday of each month in Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

USHERS' CLUB—Meets first Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall.... 8:00 p.m.

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY OF THE MARY BARTELME CLUB—Meets with Professional and Business Woman's Club..... 8:00 p.m.

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GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 187—Meets every Thursday evening, Anderson Hall, Betty Boaz, Leader, 7637 N. Greenview Ave. (26), Rog. 5742..... 7:30 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. Studios, 1149 N. LaSalle St. Phone Mic. 7766. Plays presented in Eleventh Street Theatre, 62 E. 11th St. For complete schedule see page 23.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

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